

clings to them. The remains furnish little mirrors in which the birds realize their sad condition. They preen because the social life of bird-dom is quickening its tempo. More visitors from the South arrive daily. Song fests have more volume. The olive-drab forsythia, wishing to attract these desirable tourists, turns a brilliant yellow. Realizing the new amicability of old enemies, tree and sap unite in a common purpose. Delicate green sprouts grace rain-washed branches. Curious crimson tulips venture a look around, followed closely by shy hyacinths, who can no longer compose themselves.

NEVER LAND

Walter R. Miller

Before me glows a studded sky,
A shining star, a journey of a day.
An isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

Beside me hangs a tiny bell,
Which tinkles softly in my ear.
The sound commands my loyalty,
My everlasting adoration.

Across the sky
A graceful ship sails by.

Before me steams a musty swamp,
A pit of mire, a journey of a day.
An isle of sadness, sin and toil,
Of suns which never set,
Of nights which never end.

Around me hangs a brazen bell,
Which clanks and jangles in my ear.
The scream of horn,
The wail of sax,
My blood pounds within me.

I glance back toward the studded sky,
The shining star, the journey of a day,
The isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

And as I gaze,
Across the sky a graceful ship sails by.